

## A DAY WITH A CHIEF

The chief glanced anxiously at the clock for perhaps the twentieth time. "He had the look," muttered the bookkeeper to his assistant in a sepulchral tone, "of a man who expects his wife."

Ten minutes later the office boy opened the door to a stout lady wearing a sealskin sack and diamonds. "Well, Charles," the stout lady bustled up to the chief cheerfully, "I suppose you are ready to take me to lunch."

"No, I am not ready to take you to lunch," her spouse replied in a tone of exasperation, glancing at the clock for the twenty-first time.

"But—" "Yes, I know; but I've had no less than 11 interruptions this morning, and I must dictate my foreign mail before one. The steamer sails at three. You'll have to sit down and wait. Here's a chair; there's the morning paper."

"But you said 12," insisted the lady in an aggrieved tone. "And, talk about interruptions," she added; "why you should have seen me this morning. First the butcher, then the baker, then the grocer on the 'phone; then a jelly that wouldn't jell to reconstruct; then the housemaid's finger to bind up which she had cut on a lamp chimney; six callers to interview; the head of the Ladies' Charitable guild to see—yet I was able to keep my appointment. I don't see why you can't keep yours."

"Sit down and wait awhile and you will see," replied her better half, grimly, as he turned to the pile of mail on his desk and rang for his stenographer.

"Your favor of the 14th instant is at hand—"

Just then a Spanish looking gentleman, his cape thrown over his shoulder serape fashion, opened the door: "I represent Baron Barrera of Madrid," he said. "The baron has a concession from the Spanish government and intends to use your machine entirely. He estimates that he can use many of them. How many do you think?"

The chief gave it up and looked despairingly at his pile of mail.

"Twenty-five thousand!"

"Want to place your order now?"

"No-o-o, but—"

"All right; when you get ready come in and see us." He turned to his stenographer:

"Your favor of the 14th instant is at hand—"

The old Spanish don drew up his shoulders proudly and stalked out of the office, muttering a Castilian oath. "Talk about your castles in Spain! If I had all the money these hot air merchants peddle I would be able to pay the Standard Oil fine!" muttered the chief as he went on with his dictation.

He had to stop only seven or eight times in the next ten minutes to reply to insurance solicitors, charity agents, "feather dusters," "shoe laces and matches," a lady who wanted to "use the 'phone just a minute" and a man who wanted to borrow a stamp.

Then a dusty looking individual wearing the broad brim hat of the west opened the door and confronted the chief.

"Are you the head of this establishment?" he asked.

"I am that unfortunate," said the person addressed. He motioned the stenographer not to move.

"I represent the Nevada Silver Mine company and we want your machines if the price is right. My motto is, 'Machinery Drives Men,' and I've at last got the company to look at things my way."

"I have a check here for the purchase of the machines signed by the president of the company. I've got to catch the nine o'clock train west to-night, but I'd like to see something of the town before I go."

The chief glanced at the bookkeeper. "What do you think of it?" he elegraphed rapidly.

The bookkeeper's shrug seemed to give it up.

The chief looked apprehensively at his wife. Then he crossed the room and muttered in her ear:

"Fraid I can't keep that luncheon engagement, after all. I'll have to take that fellow around. I suppose. He may be the goods, although he doesn't look it."

"Well, I never—" began the lady, growling red as a turkey cock.

"But I was going to say," interrupted the chief, hastily, "that if you want to go uptown and pick out that ermine muff you've been wanting for so long—"

"And now," he said to the bookkeeper when his wife had departed, her anger suddenly appeased, "give me \$30."

"Answer what you can of the mail," he called over his shoulder to the stenographer as he trotted off with the "prospector" in tow.

The morning after, the chief walked into the office, showing the effect of a Turkish bath scrubbing. He handed the bookkeeper a check for \$2,500 from the Nevada Silver Mine company and dropped the order for the machinery into the holding file.

The bookkeeper looked at the check sceptically and was not surprised when two weeks later it came back marked "No account."

The chief looked at it sadly. Then he made a memorandum on the back of an envelope. Two items were "Ermine muff, \$97.50," and "Sundries, \$50.00."

## LAND FOR THE ORCHARD.

Preparation of the Soil Where Trees Were to Be Planted.

Among the first things I did toward improving our farm after buying it was to set two acres to peach and apple trees. It has proven to be the most valuable two acres on the farm. While being five miles away from any fruit market, yet we often realize a clear profit of \$75 from fruit sold, beside great benefit from fattening our hogs.

The land was a loamy, clay soil, with heavy clay subsoil, and lay a little sloping, which insured good drainage. It was partly protected on the north by timber. A ditch three feet deep and two feet wide was cut on the north side, which cut off all roots running out from the timber.

I began preparation a year before setting the trees. I hauled 20 two-horse loads of barnyard manure and broadcasted it, explains this correspondent of Farm and Home. The land was then broken well with two-horse plow, following several inches deep with subsoil plow. I then cut the surface several times with disk harrow and sowed two bushels of cow peas per acre. They made a splendid growth and the vines were allowed to remain on the soil.

In the fall this growth was turned under, and the land again broken and subsoiled to a depth of about 15 inches, surface harrowed well and rye sown at the rate of 1½ bushels per acre. This attained a fine growth, which was cut the following spring and left to decay.

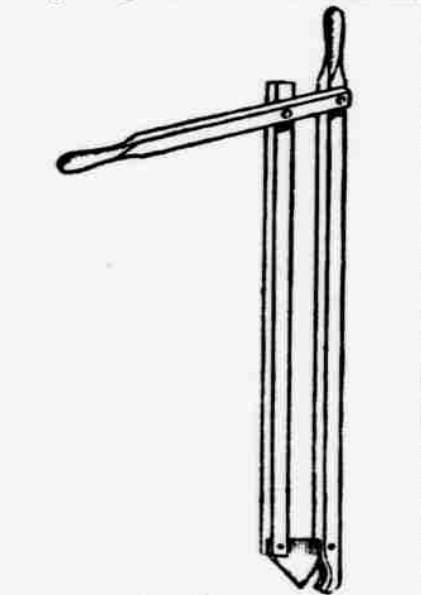
That spring I bought trees enough to set one acre. I bought direct from a nurseryman and got trees true to name, fresh and in fine condition. I was afraid to risk an orchard of trees bought from agents, and, too, I saved almost one-half the cost by buying direct from the nurseryman. The trees were planted 30 feet apart each way, which made cultivation easy.

In the fall the remaining acre was set and the trees grew off better than those set in the spring. I used rye and crimson clover as a fall and winter crop and find nothing excels them for this purpose. I prefer rye to the clover, as it is more certain and less expensive. I cultivate in spring until June, then sow cow peas and allow the vines to decay on the ground. I wrap the bodies of the young trees in winter to prevent rabbits from gnawing, always using newspapers. I take the wrappers off in the spring and whitewash with lime to prevent worms from doing injury.

## IMPLEMENTS FOR PRUNING.

Its Use Will Save Much Inconvenience and Many Scratches.

Raspberry and blackberry bushes can be safely pruned without scratches by using the device shown in the



The Pruner.

accompanying illustration. It is made of a piece of 1½x1½ and 3½ feet in length.

In one end a slit is sawed four inches long to insert a mower knife. A nail may be used to hold it in place. Another piece of 1½x1½ is made two feet in length and attached to the other corner of the mower knife after the same fashion. The other ends of the uprights are fastened to a lever as shown.

## POISON DANGERS IN SPRAYING

French Scientists Suggest the Coloring of Arsenic Compounds.

French scientists, while recognizing the necessity for the use of arsenic compounds in spraying, have made a wise recommendation to their government that such material shall not be sold unless colored in such a manner that it can not possibly be confused with foods or condiments. The buyer and the seller are to be held equally responsible for this denaturation of arsenic and the insecticides are to be sold only in packages plainly marked "poison." Such a regulation would be a wise one for this country.

At present it is possible to purchase white arsenic powder, unlabeled, which much resembles soda and baking powder. Needless to say those who substitute it for either of these leavening powders would rise no more if they ate of the fruits of their own labors.

## Prepare Land Ahead.

Land for spring planting of fruit producing vines and canes should be prepared as far in advance of the time of using as possible.

## The Well-Tilled Soil.

Soil that is thoroughly tilled is more productive than soil that is poorly tilled.

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## COLLARS LOOKED TOO NEW.

Caused Scare in the Business Circles of California.

There has been a funny counterfeit scare out in southern California, especially in Los Angeles and San Diego. All at once a large number of silver dollars dated 1878 made their appearance in business circles. They seemed to spring out of the ground. It was not long until nearly everybody had some of the money. Then some one started the story that all the money was counterfeit, because the money was all new-looking, as if it were just out of a machine, a great scare resulted and people refused longer to accept the dollars. The police got busy and an appeal was made to the secret service. Several specimens of the alleged counterfeit were sent to Chief Wilki, who at once pronounced them genuine—as good as Uncle Sam ever turned out in his life. It was discovered that many of these dollars had been lying in the subtreasury at San Francisco for years without being put into circulation. The subtreasurer died some time ago and a new man was appointed. In this way some of the money got into circulation.

## KITCHENETTE IS THE LATEST.

Up-to-Date City Apartments Must Be so Supplied.

"There is a great unsatisfied demand at present for apartments and rooms with kitchenettes," said a woman real estate agent who caters to tenants in the theater and hotel district.

"A real kitchenette is a perfectly appointed kitchen on a small scale, fitted rather prettily for the use of tenants rather than servants, with plenty of light, ventilation, porcelain sink and ice box, and provided with drains, electric cooking apparatus and fans, or else an up-to-date gas range.

"But the average kitchenette that one finds in the reconstructed dwelling is merely a small room or else a large cupboard and some means for cooking.

"Kitchenetting is a good deal of an art, though, and not so much of a picnic as it seems. It does not go on of itself, for instance, but requires a little thought and care and planning to be a success."—Chicago Journal.

## Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl, five years old or so, living in an inland town up the state, according to the Philadelphia Ledger. Near her home there was no river, nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York, and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay, and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

Her mother made an effort.

"There's the beach," she said, "all smooth, white sand. You stand on it and look out upon the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in and breaking—nothing but water and sky."

The child sat trying to picture it, then, in an awed little whisper asked: "Oh, mamma, isn't there a towpath?"

## Secrets May Not Be Hidden.

Lord Esher, deputy governor of Windsor castle, is a confidential servant of the British crown, and was intrusted with the selection from the correspondence of Queen Victoria. Besides this, at the instance of King Edward, he is busy framing an amendment to existing law concerning official secrets, which shall place stringent restrictions on those retired servants of the state who make copy and money by writing books out of things they have learned in the service—and, in fact, shall "muzzle" these indiscreet gossipers. And yet it remains true, that word of Scripture that "Nothing is hidden that shall not be made known"—and the archives of Simancas and the papyri of Egypt tell their stories.

## Earthquake-Proof House.

Colonel Henry E. C. Kitchener, Lord Kitchener's eldest brother, who resigned from the British army several years ago to become a banana planter in Jamaica, is now in England purchasing material for the construction of an earthquake proof house on the "Kitchener" model, says the Cement Age. Colonel Kitchener's residence in the suburbs of Kingston was badly damaged by an earthquake. He has decided to build a house with walls composed of rows of drain pipes placed on end and filled with cement, with layers of cement between, with a casing of cement on the outside and thin wood inside. He declares that this combination will resist any earthquake.

## The Syrian Cigarette Lighter.

For lighting their cigarettes the native population of Turkey uses a kind of fuse manufactured in Syria in Austria. It consists of brown paper impregnated with saltpetre, each strip of which is perforated so that it may be torn easily into small slips, and is provided with a match head. About \$30,000 worth is imported each year.

## Famous Speech Explained.

"Don't give up the ship!" exclaimed Lawrence.

We never can realize how he felt.

Evidently there were souvenir hunters in those days.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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